THE HOUSE OF HEINE BROTHERS, IN MUNICH.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The house of Heine Brothers, in Munich, was of good repute at the time of which I am about tell-a time not long ago; and is so still, I brist. It was of good repute in its own way, seehe that no man doubted the word or solvency of Heine Brothers; but they did not possess, as ankers, what would in England be considered a large or profitable business. The operations of English bankers are bewildering in their magnitude. Legions of clerks are employed. The senier bookkeepers, though only salaried servenis, are themselves great men, while the real pariners are inscrutable, mysterious, opulent berond measure, and altogether unknown to their customers. Take any firm at randomtrown, Jones & Cox, let us say. The probability is that Jones has been dead the years, that Brown is a Cabinet Minister, and that Cox is master of a pack of hounds in Leiceserabire. But it was by no means so with the house of Heine Brothers of Munich. There they were, the two elderly men, daily to be een at their dingy office in the Schran-Platz; and if any business was to be transacted requiring the interchange of more than a word or two, it was the younger brother with whom the customer was, as a mat-ter of course, brought into contact. There were three clerks in the establishment; an old man, pamely, who sat with the elder brother and had no personal dealings with the public; a young Englishman, of whom we shall anon here more, and a boy who ran messages, put the wood on to the stoves, and swept out the bank. Truly the house of Heine Brothers was of no great irariance; but nevertheless it was of good repute.

The office, I have said, was in the Schrannen Platz, or old market place. Munich, as every me knows, is chiefly to be noted as a new townto new that many of the streets and most of the palaces look as though they had been sent home ast night from the builders, and had only just been taken out of their bandboxes. It is angular, methodical, unfinished, and palatial. But there is an old town, and, though the old own be not of surpassing interest, it is as dingy, rooked, intricate, and dark as other old towns n Germany. Here, in the old Market place, up one long broad staircase, were situated the two rooms in which was held the bank of Heine rothers. Of the elder member of the firm we hall have something to say before this story be empleted. He was an old bachelor, and was sessed of a bachelor's dwelling somewhere out in the suburbs of the city. The junior wenty years younger than himself, with two laughters, the elder of whom was now one-andwenty, and one son. His name was Ernest Heine, whereas the senior brother was known as Uncle Hatto. Ernest Heine and his wife inhabited a portion of one of those new palatial residences at the further end of the Ludwigs Strasse: but not because they thus lived must it considered that they were palatial people. By no means let it be so thought, as such an idea uld altogether militate against whatever truth of character painting there may be in this tale. They were not palatial people, but the very reverse, living in homely guise, pursuing homely duties, and satisfied with homely pleasures. Up two pairs of stairs, however, in that a:reet of palaces, they lived, having there a commedious suite of large rooms, furnished after the manner of the Germans, somewhat gaudily, as regarded their best salon, and with somewha meagre comfort as regarded their other rooms But, whether in respect of that which meagre, or whether in respect of that which was gaudy, they were as well off as their neighbors; and this, as I take it, is the point of excellence which is desirable.

Ernest Heine was at this time over 60, his

wife was past 40, and his eldest daughter, as I have said, was 21 years of age. His second child, also a girl, was six years younger; and their third child, a boy, had not been born till another similar interval had elapsed. He was named Hatto, after his uncle, and the two girls number and mode of life, were the Heines.

had been christened Isa and Agnes. Such in We English folk are apt to imagine that we are nearer akin to Germans than to our other Continental neighbors. This may be so in blood, but, nevertheless, the difference in manners is so striking that it could hardly be enhanced. An Englishman moving himself off to a city in the middle of Central America will find the customs to which he must adapt himself less strange to him there than he would in many a German town. But in no degree of life is the difference more remarkable than among unmarried but marriageable young women. It is not tribute a superiority in this matter to either excellence, it own heaven-given grace, whereby men are led up to purer thoughts and sweet desires; and each may possibly have its own defect. I will not here describe the excellence or defect of either; but will, if it be in my power, say a word as to this difference. The German girl of one-and-twenty-our Isa's age—is more sedate, more womanly, more meditative than her English sister. The world's work is more in her thoughts, and the world's amusements less so. She probably knows less of those things which women learn than the English girl, but that which she does know is nearer to her hand for use. She is not so much accustomed to society, but nevertheless she is more mistress of so much of those things which flurry and disturb the mind, and therefore she is seldom flurried and disturbed. To both of them, love the idea of love must be the thought of all the most absorbing; for is it not fated for them that the joys and sorrows of their future life must depend upon it? But the idea of the German girl is the more realistic, and the less remantic. Poetry and fiction she may have read, though of the latter sparingly; but they some transcendental Paradise of affection which so often fills and exalts the hearts of our daughters here at home. She is moderate in her aspirations, requiring less excitement than an English girl; and never forgetting the solid necessities of life-as they are so often forgotten here in England. In associating with young men, an English girl will always rememarimirer whom she may possibly love, or an ad-mirer whom she may probably be called on to repel. She is ever conscious of the fact of this position; and a romance is thus engendered which, if it may at times be dangerous, is at any rate always charming. But the German nir!, in her simplicity, has no such conscious-ness. As you and I, my reader, might probably each other, so may the German girl learn to love the fair-haired youth with whom chance has for a time associated her; but to her mind there occurs no suggestive reason why it should be so no probability that the youth may re-raid her in such light, because that chance

to do so, as calmly as with mis sister. Such a one was Isa Heine at the time of which I am writing. We English, in our passion for daily excitement, might call her phlegmatic, but we should call her so unjustly. Life to her was a serious matter, of which the daily dules and daily wants were sufficient to occupy her thoughts. She was her mother's companion, be instructress of both her brother and her sister, and the charm of her father's vacant hours. With such calls upon her time and so many realities around her, her imagination did not teach her to look for joys beyond those of her sent life and home. When love and marriage should come to her, as come they probably might she would endeavor to attune herself to a new time she was contented to keep her tul slater up two pairs of stairs in the Ludwigs Strasse. But change would certainly come, we may prophesy; for Isa Heine was a beautiful wirt tall and graceful, comely to the eye, and fit

has come to pass. She can therefore give him her hand without trepidation, and talk with him for half an hour, when called on

ited all the others; she took notice of his likings and dislikings as touching their table arrangements—but by no means such notice as she did of her father's; and without any flutter, inwardly in her imagination or outwardly as re-garded the world, she made him one of the family. So things went on for a year-nay, so things went on for two years with her, after Herbert Onslow had come to the Ludwigs

But the matter had been regarded in a very different light by Herbert himself. When the proposition had been made to him his first idea had been that so close a connection with a girl so very pretty would be delightful. He had blushed as he had given in his adhesion; but Mme. Heine, when she saw the blush, had attributed it to anything but the true cause. When Isa had asked him as to his wants and wishes he had blushed again, but she had been as ignorant as her mother. The father had merely stipulated that, as the young Englishman paid for his board, he should have the full value of his money, so that Isa and Agnes gave up their pretty front room, going into one that was inferior, and Hatto was put to sleep in the little closet that had been papa's own peculiar proper-ty. But nobody complained of this, for it was understood that the money was of service.

For the first year Herbert found that nothing

especial happened. He always fancied that he was in love with Isa, and wrote some poetry about her. But the poetry was in English, and Isa could not read it, even had he dared to show Is a could not read it, even had he dared to show it to her. During the second year he went home to England for three months, and by confessing a passion to one of his sisters, really brought himself to feel one. He returned to Munich and the to the young people's marriage that the solved to tell Isa that the possibility of his remaining there depended upon her acceptance of his heart; but for months he did not find himself able to put his resolution in force. She was so sedate, so womanly, so attentive as regarded cousinly friendship, and so cold as regarded everything else, that he did not know how to speak to her. With an English girl whom he had met three times at a ball, he might have been much lisa frequently, for neither father, mother, nor lisa herself objected to such communion; but yet things so went between them that he could not take her by the hand and tell her that he loved her. And thus the third year of his life in Munich, and the second of his residence in the Ludwigs Strasse, went by him. So the years went the second of the second of marry. Tapa Heine, "You must wait," said Papa Heine, "You mu

not take her by the hand and tell her that he loved her. And thus the third year of his life in Munich, and the second of his residence in the Ludwigs Strasse, went by him. So the years went by, and Isa was now past twenty. To Herbert, in his reveries, it seemed as though life, and the Joys of life, were slipping away from him. But no such feeling disturbed any of the Heines. Life, of course, was slipping away; but then is it not the destiny of man that life should slip away? Their wants were all satisfied, and for them, that, together with their close family affection, was happiness enough.

At last, however, Herbert so spoke, or so looked, that both Isa and her mother knew that his heart was touched. He still declared to himself that he had made no sign, and that he was an oaf, an ass, a coward, in that he had not done so. But he had made some sign, and that he sign had been read. There was no secret—no necessity for a secret on the subject between the mother and daughter, but yet it was not spoken of all at once. There was some little increase of caution between them as Herbert's name was mentioned, so that gradually each knew what the other thought; but for weeks that was all. Then at last the mother spoke out.

"Isa," she said, "I think that Herbert Onslow is becoming attached to you."

"He has never said so, mamma."

"No; I am sure he has not. Had he done so you would have told me. Nevertheless, is it not true?"

"Well, mamma, I cannot say. It may be so. Such an idea has occurred to me, but I have abandoned it as needless. If he has anything to say he will say it."

"And if he were to speak, how should you answer him?"

"I should take time to think. I do not at all the content in the start has anything to anyth means he has for a separate estable.

"And if he were to speak, how should you answer him?"

"I should take time to think. I do not at all know what means he has for a separate establishment." Then the subject was dropped between them for that time, and Isa, in her communications with her cousin, was somewhat more reserved than she had been.

"Isa, are you in love with Herbert?" Agnes asked her, as they were together in their room one night.

"Isa, are you in love with Herbert?" Agnes asked her, as they were together in their room one night.

"In love with him? No; why should I be in love with him?"

"I think he is in love with you," said Agnes.
"That is quite another thing," said Isa, laughing. "But If so, he has not taken me into his confidence. Perhaps he has you."

"Oh, no. He would not do that, I think. Not but what we are great friends, and I love him dearly. Would it not be nice for you and him to be betrothed?"

"That depends on many things, my dear."

"Oh, yes, I khow. Perhaps he has not got money enough. But you could live here, you know, and he has got some money, because he so often rides on horseback." And then the matter was dropped between the two sisters.

Herbert had given English lessons to the two girls, but the lessons had been found tedious, and had dwindled away. Isa, nevertheless, had kept up her exercises, duly translating terman into English and English into German, and occasionally she had shown them to her cousin. Now, however, she altogether gave over such showing of them, but, nevertheless, worked at the task with more energy than before.

"Isa," he said to her one day—having with some difficulty found her alone—"ica, why should not we go on with our English?"

"Because it is troublesome—to you I mean."

"Troublesome. Well, yes; it is troublesome. Nothing good is to be had without trouble. But I should like it if you would not mind."

"You know how sick you were of it before; besides, I shall not get sick of it now, isa."

"I shall not get sick of it now, isa."

"And I want you to speak it. I desire it especially."

"And i want you to speak it. I desire it especially."

"And I want you to speak it. I desire it especially."

"Why especially?" asked Isa. And even she, with all her tranquillity of demeanor, could hardly preserve her even tons and quiet look as she asked the necessary question.

"I will tell you why," said Herbert; and as he spoke he got up from his seat and took a step or two over toward her, where she was sitting near the window, isa, as she saw him, still continued her work, and strove hard to give to the sitches all that attention which they required. "I will tell you why I would wish you to talk my language. Hecause I love you, isa, and would have you for my wife --if that he possible."

She still continued her work, and the stitches, if not quite as perfect as usual, sufficed for their purpose.

"That is why I wish it. Now will you consent

our posts.

"That is why I wish it. Now will you consent to learn from me again?"

"If I did, Herbert, that consent would include another."

"Yes; certainly it would. That is what I intend. And now will you learn from me again?"

"That is, you mean to ask will I marry you?"

"Will you love me? Can you learn to love me? Oh, Isa, I have thought of this so long!

In every way to be leved and cherished as the partner of a man's home.

It was asked and statished the state of the state

Herbert looked up at her and waited for her "I have promised mamma that there shall be no change between us—in our manner to each other, I mean. We are not betrothed as yet, you know, and perhaps we may never be so."

"It may not be possible, you know. And therefore we will go on as before. Of course, we shall see each other, and of course we shall be friends."

fore we will go on as before. Of course, we shall see each other, and of course we shall be friends."

Herbert Onslow again fretted and aga'n furned, but he did not have his way. He had looked forward to the ecstacles of a lover's life, but very few of those ecstasies were awarded to him. He rarely found himself alone with Isa, and when he did do so her coldness overawed him. He could dare to scold her, and sometimes did do so, but he could not dare to take the elightest liberty. Once, on that night when the qualified consent of papa and mamma Heine had first been given, he had been allowed to touch her lips with his own; but since that day there had been for him no such delight as that. She would not even allow her hard to remain in his. When they all passed their evenings togother in the beer garden, she would studiously manage that his chair should not be close to her own. Occasionally she would walk with him, but not more frequently now than of yore. Very few, indeed, of a lover's privileges did he enjoy. And in this way the long year wore itself out, and isa Heine was one-and-twenty.

All those family details which had made it inexpedient to apply either to old Hatto or to Herbert's father before the end of the year need not be specially explained. Old Hatto, who had by far the greater share in the business, was a tyrant somewhat feared both by his brother and sister-in-law; and the elder Onslow, as was known to them all, was a man straitened in circumstances. But soon after New Year's Day the proposition was made in the Schrannen Platz, and the letter was written. On this occasion Mme. Heine went down to the bank, and, together with her husband, was closeted for an hour with old Hatto. As to the young people's narriage that was his brother's affair, not his. But as to the partnership being given away merely because a man wanted to marry? He

"You must wait—as I did," said Papa Heine,
"I was 40 before I could marry." Papa Heine,
however, should not have forgetten to say that
his bride was only 20, and that if he had waited,
she had not.

"Isa," Herbert said to her when all this had been explained to her, "what do you say now?"
"Of course it is all over," said she, very

"Of course it is all over," said she, very calmiy,
"Oh Isa, is that your love?"
"No, Herbert, that is not my love: that is my discretion: and she even laughed with her mild low laughter, as she answered ..im. "You know you are too impatient to wait four years, and what else therefore can I say?"
"I wonder whether you love me?" said Herbert, with a grand look of injured sentiment,

mild low laughter, as she answered .im. "You know you are too impatient to wait four years, and what else therefore can I say?"

"I wonder whether you love me?" said Herbert, with a grand look of injured sentiment.

"Well: in your sense of the word I do not think I do. I do not love you so that I need make every one around us unhappy because circumstances forbid me to marry you. That sort of love would be baneful."

"Ah, no: you do not know what love means!"

"Not your boisterous, heart-breaking English love, Herbert. And Herbert, sometimes I think you had better go home and look for a bride there. Though you fancy that you love me, in your heart you hardly approve of me."

"Fancy that I love you! Do you think, Isa, that a man can carry his heart round to one customer after another as the huckster carries his wares!"

"Yes, I think he can. I know that men do. What did your hero Waverley do with his heart in that grand English novel which you gave me to read? I am but Flora Macleyor, but you may find a Rose Braisvardina.

"Look burst Herbert, it is bad to boast, but I will make this boast. I am so little selfish that I desire above all that you should do that which may make you most happy and contented. I will be quite frank with you. I love you well enough to wait these four years with the hope of becoming your wife when they are over. But you will think but little of my love when I tell you that this waiting would not make me unhappy. I should go on as I do now, and be contented."

"Oh heavens," sighed Herbert.

"But as I know that this would not suit you—as I feel sure that such delay would gail you every day, as I doubt whether it would not make you sick of me long before the four years be over—my advice is, that we should let this matter drop."

"It now walked up to her and took her hand, and as he did so there was something in his gait and look and tone of voice that stirred her heart more than it had yet been stirred. "And even that would not make you what heave you well well you when those four years her

rout, in truth, he had not yet read is a char-acter very thoroughly. She had apoken truly in saying that she knew nothing of that bolaterous love which was now tormenting him and making him glooms; but never-theless she loved him. She in her short life, had learned many lessons of seif-denisi;

and now with reference to this half-promised husband she would again have practised such a lesson. Had he agreed at once to go from her, she would have belanced her own account within her own breast, and have kept to herself all her sufferings. There would have been no autward show of baffled love—none even in the color of her cheeks; for such was the nature of her temperament. But she did suffer for him. Day by day she began to think that his love, though boisterous as she had at first called it, was more deep-seated than she had believed. He made no slightest sign that he would accept any of those profiers which she had made him of release. Though he said so loudly that this waiting for four years was an imposability, he spoke of no course that would be more possible, except that evidently impossible course of an early marriage. And thus, while he with redoubled vehemence charged her with coidness and want of forc, her love waxed warmer and warmer, and his happiness became the chief object of her thoughts. What could she do that he might no longer suffer?

And then he took a step which was very strange to them all. He banished himself sitogether from the house, going away again into legisings. "No," he said, on the merning of his departure, "I do not release you, I will never release you. You are mine, and I have a right so to call you. If you choose to release yourself, I cannot help it; but in doing so you will be formally betrothed to him.

"You can do as you please; it is a matter of conscience; but I tell you what are my feelings. Here I cannot stay, for I should go mad; but I shall see you occasionally perhaps on Sundays."

"Oh, Herbert."

"Oh, Herbert."

"Well, what wou'd you have? If you really."

"Oh, Herbert!"
"Well, what would you have? If you really

carred to see me if world not reaches. All I add of you now is this, that I worlder like, abstractly decide on throwing me over, you wal tell me at once. Then I shak lowe Winnels.

"Herbert, I will never throw you over." So they parted, and Onelow went forth to his new lodgings.

"Her promise that she would never throw him over was the warmest word of love that she had ever spoken, but even that was said in her own quiet, unimpassioned way. There was in it but very little show of love, though there might be an assurance of constancy. But her constancy he did not, in truth, much doubt. Four years—fourteen—or twenty-four, would be the same to her, he said, as he scated himself in the dull, cold room which he had chosen. While living in the Ludwigs Strawse he did not know how much had been daily done for his confort by that band which he had been so seldom allowed to press; but he knew that he was now cold and confortless, and he wished himself back in the Ludwigs Strawse.

Ludwigs Strasse.

"Mamma," said Isa, when they were alone,
"Is not Uncle Hatto rather hard on us? Papa said that he would ask this as a favor from his "So he did, my dear; and offered to give up mere of his own time. But your Uncle Hatte is hard."

hard."
"He is rich, is he not?"
"Well, your father says not. Your father says that he spends all his lincome. Though he is hard and obstincte, he is not selfish. He is very good to the poor, but I believe he thinks that early marriages are very feelish."
"Mamma," said is a again, when they had sat, for some minutes in silence over their work. for some minutes in silence over their work.
"Well, my love?"
"Have you spoken to Uncle Hatto about

"Mamma," said Isa again, when they had sat for some minutes in silence over their work.

"Well, my love?"

"Have you spoken to Uncle Hatto about this?"

"No, dear: not since that day when your papa and I first went to him. To tell the truth, i am almost afraid to speak to him; but, if you wish it, I will do so."

"I do wish it, mamma. But you must not think that I am discontented or impatient. I do not know that I have any right to ask my uncle for his money-for it comes to that."

"I suppose it does, my dear."

"And as for myself, I am happy here with you and papa. I do not think so much of these four years."

"You would still be young, Isa-quite young enough."

"And what if I were not young? What does it matter? But, mamma, there has been that between Herbert and me which makes me feel myself bound to think of him. As you and papa, have sanctioned it, you are bound to think of him also. I know that he is unhappy, living there all alone."

"But why did he go, dear?"

"I think he was right to go. I could understand his doing that. He is not like us, and would have been fretful here, wanting that which I could not give him. He became worse from day to day, and was silent and morose. I am glisd he went. But, mamma, for his sake I wish that this could be shortened."

Mine. Heine again told her daughter that she would, if Isa wished it, herself go to the Schrannen Platz, and see what could be done by talking to Uncle Hatto. "But," she added, "I fear that no good will come of it."

"Can harm come, mamma?"

"No, I do not think harm can come."

"I'll tell you what, mamma, I will go to Uncle Hatto myself, if you will let me. He is cross I know; but I shall not be afraid of him. I feel that I ought to do something." And so the matter was settled, Mine. Heine being by no means averse to escape a further personal visit to the head of the banking establishment.

Mine. Heine well understood what her daughter neval when she said she ought to do something, though is a feared that she had imperfectly expressed her meaning. Whe on to work for him, that she could do as long as strength remained to her. But there was no sacrifice which would be of service, nor any work which would avail. Therefore she was driven to think what she might do on his be-halt, and at last she resolved to make her per-sonal appeal to Uncle Hatto.

"Shall I tell papa?" Isa asked of her mother.
"I will do so," said Mme, Heine. And then

too much of your time." In answer to which Uncle Hatto muttered something which was unheeded to signify that Isa might epeak.

I also think that along engagement is a foolish thing, and so does Herbert."

But he wants to marry at once."

Yes, he wants to marry—perhaps not at once, but soon."

but soon."
And I suppose you have come to say that you "And I suppose you have come to say that you want the same thing."
Isa blushed ever so faintly as she commenced her answer. "Yes, uncle, I do wish the same thing. What he wishes, I wish."
"Very likely—very likely."
"Don't be scornful to me, uncle. When two people love each other, it is natural that each abould wish that which the other carnestly de-

"Oh, very natural, my dear, that you should wish to get married!"
"Uncle Hatto, I did not think that you would be unkind to me, though I knew that you would be stern.

be stern."

"Well, go on. What have you to say? I am not stern; but I have no doubt you will think me unkind. People are slways unkind who do not do what they are asked."

"Papa says that Herbert Onslow is some day to become a partner in the bank."

"That depends on certain circumstances. Neither I nor your papa can say whether he will or no." But Isa went on as though she had not heard the last reply. "I have come to ask you to admit him as a partner at once."

"Ah, I supposed so—just as you might ask me to give you a new ribbon."

"But, uncle, I never did ask you to give me a new ribbon. I never asked you to give me anything for myself; nor do I ask this for myself."

"Do you think that if I could do It—which of course I emit—I would not sooner do it for you, who are my wun flesh and blood, than for him, who as a stranger?

desk and obeyed your orders for nearly four years. Uspa says that he has done well in the bank. Humph! If every clerk that does well— Humph! If every clerk that does wellpretty well, that is—wanted a partnership, where should we be, my dear? No, my
dear, go home and tell him when you see him in
the evening that all this must be at an end.
Men's places in the world are not given away so
easily as that. They must either be earned or
purchased. Herbert Onslow has as yet done
neither, and therefore he is not entitled to take
a wife. I should have been glad to have had a
wife at his age; at least I suppose I should, but
at any rate I could not afford it.

But I sa had by no means as yet done. So far the

at any rate I could not afford it."

But Isa had by no means as yet done. So far the interview had progressed exactly as she had anticipated. She had never supposed it possible that her uncle would grant her so important a request as soon as she one-end her mouth to ask it. She had not for a moment expected that things would go so easily with her. Indeed she had never expected that any success would attend her efforts; but, if any success were possible, the work which must achieve that success must now commence. It was necessary that she should first state her request plainly before she began to urgo it with such eloquence as she had at her command.

"I can understand what you say. Uncle I can understand what you say, Uncle

Hatte

Hatto."
"I am glad of that, at any rate."
"And I know that I have no right to ask you for anything."
"I do not say that. Anything in reason that a girl like you should ask of herold uncle I would give you." give you."

"I have no such reasonable request to make, uncle. I have never wanted new ribbons from you or gay toys. Even from my own mother I have not wanted them; not wanted to come without

them faster than they seemed to come without them faster than they been a good girl."

"No. no; you have been a good girl."

"I have been a happy girl; and quite happy with these I loved, and with what Providence had given me. I had nothing to ask for. But now I am no longer happy, nor can I be unless you do for me this which I ask of you. I have wanted nothing till now, and now in my need I

"And now you want a husband with "And now you want a fortune!"
"No!" And that single word she spoke, not loudly, for her voice was low and soft, but with an accent which carried it sharply to his ear and to his brain. And then she rose from her seat as she went on: "Your soorn, uncle, is unjust—unjust and untrue. I have ever acted maidenly, as has become my mother's daughter."

maidenly, as has become my mother's daugh-ter."

"Yes, yes, yes—I believe that."

"And I can say more than that for myself. My thoughts have been the same, nor have my wishes, even, ever gone beyond them. And when this young man came to me, telling me of his feelings, I gave him no answer till I had con-sulted my mother."

"She should have bade you hot to think of htm."

"Ah, you are not a mother, and cannot know. Why should I not think of him, when he was good and kind, honest and hard-working? And, then, he had thought of me first. Why should I not think of him? Did not mamma listen to my father when he came to her?"

"But your father was 40 years old and had a business."

"You gave it him, Uncle Hatto, I have heard him say so,"

"And therefore I am to do as much for you. And then next year Agnes will come to me; and so before I die I shall see you all in want, with large families. No, Isa; I will not scorn you, but this thing I cannot do."

"But I have not told you all yet. You say that I want a husband."

"Well, weh! I did not mean to say it harshly."

"Well, weh! I did not mean to say it harshly."

"I do want—to be married." And here her courage failed her a little, and for a moment her eve fell to the ground. "It is true, uncle. He has asked me whether I could love him, and I have told him I could. He has asked me whether I would be his wife, and I have given him a promise. After that, must not his happiness be my happiness and his misery my misery? Am I not his wife already before God?"

"No, no." said Uncle Hatto, loudly.

"Ah, but I am. None feel the strength of the bonds but those who are themselves bound. I knew my duty to my father and mother, and with God's help I will do it, but I am not the less bound to him. Without their approval I will not stand with him at the bim."
Ah, you are not a mother, and cannot know.
Why should I not think of him, when

ent to him."

I could not give it him. It is much listic's breeen. Mamms, when I left him I thought that his eye was listed to one."

"His heart, at any rate, has been very kind." And then again they looked over the document, and talked of the weeding whitel must now be near at hand. But still they had not as yet decided how Herbert should be informed.

At last Ira resolved that she herself would write to him. She did write, and this was her letter:

"DEAR HERDRAT: Mamma and I wish to see you, and beg that you will come up to us this evening. We have tidings for you which we hope you will receive with jor. I may as well tell you at once, as I do not wish to furry you. Uncle. Hatto has sent to us a document which admits you as a partner into the bank. If, therefore, you wish to go on with our emagement, I suppose there is nothing now to cause any very great delay.

The letter was very simple, and Isa, when she had written it subsided into all her customary obscence. Indeed, when Herbert came to the Ludwigs Strasse, not in the evening as he was bidden to do, but instantly, leaving his own diamer uneaton, and coming upon the Helnes in the midst of their dinner, she was more than usually tranquil. But his love was, as she had told him, boisterous. He could not contain himself, and embraced them all, and then scolded is a because she was so calm.

"Why should I not be calm," said she, "now that I know you are happy?"

The house in the Schranner Platz still goes by the name of Heine liftothers, but the mercantile

"Why should I not be calm." said she, "now that I know you are happy?"

The house in the Schrannen Platz still goes by the name of Heine Brothers, but the mercantile world in Bavaria, and in some cities out of Bavaria, is well aware that the real pith and marrow of the business is derived from the energy of the young English partner.

THE GREATER NEW YORK. Will Parts Attempt by Annexation to Keep

Her Place in the List of Cities! The first practical effort to put to the test of actual realization the Greater New York project was made in Albany upon the introduction of the bill of Senator Reynolds of Brooklyn establishing a new Commission with power to report a charter for the new municipality on eb. 1, 1896. The Commission is to be composed of nine members, three appointed by Gov.

Feb. 1, 1896. The Commission is to be composed of nine members, three appointed by Gov. Morton, three by Mayor Strong, and three by Mayor Schieren. The present Commission is composed of eleven members, five from Brocklyn, five from New York, and one from West-chester county.

It is generally supposed that the voters in the localities interested decided definitely at the last election that the Greater New York project is should be carried through, and that all that remains for the Legislature is to carry out the decision given by the voters. As a matter of fact, all that was given on Nov. 6 was an informal expression of opinion by the voters interested as to the propriety of a Greater New York. In New York city 97,000 votes were cast of for the project and 60,000, in round numbers, against, while 117,000 voters refrained from taking any part in the contest and either aftil to the control of the

in the control of the process, who was a process of the process of

from his work the whole circle felt that their old family mirth was for the present necessarily laid ands.

One their returned home from the market with has and as they reached the landing Agnes met them with a packet. "Frits brought it from the bank," said Agnes. Now, Frits was the boy who ran messages and swept out the office, and Mue. Heine put out her hand for the office, and Mue. Heine put out her hand for the office, and man. Heine put out her hand for the office, and man. The said Agnes. Now, Frits was for her. But Agnes would not give it to her mother. It is for you, Isa," she said. Then Isa, looking at the address, recognized the handwriting of her unlet. "Mamma, "he said," I will come to you directly;" and then she passed quickly away into her own from.

The parcel was soon opened, and contained a note from her uncle, and a stiff, large document, looking as though it had come from the document, and read some few of the world on the outer fold, but they did not carry home to her mind any clear perception of their meaning. She was flurried at the moment, and the words perhaps were not very plain. Then sait took up her note, and that was plain enough. It was very short, and ran as follows:

"My Plant Niter. You told me on Monday that I was stern, and harsh, and unjust. Ton haps I was. It'so, I hope the endosed will make an endosed and that you will not think me such as old fool as I think myself. Your side floates."

"I was very short, and ran as follows:

"I have told nobedy yet, and the endosed will make an endosed the proposed will not object."

"But he does not know it, mamma, "said Isa, "Who is at to tell him? Oh, mamma, you must tell him."

"Nay, my dear; but it must be your own present to him."

"Nay, my dear; but it must be your own present to him, when I left him I thought that he spain they leveled over the document of him the secue of the cooking. Most of them are dirty, yery dirty, as to foors and walls, and are dirty, yery dirty, as to foors and walls, and are dirty, yery dirty, as to foors

of the race :ence of the cooking. Most of them are dirty, very dirty, as to floors and walls, and the Italians are not oversqueamish regarding the table linen. When a party of Americans enter, however, there is a general scuffe among the walters to secure the service of the table and the prospective tip. The question of precedence being settled, the wine-stained table-cioth is whisked off and replaced by one not always newly laundered or else suspiciously

damp.

These restaurants are rarely on the main through streets, and have to be approached through dark allers. One situated behind the county jail occupies the back room of a small Italian grocery store. In going there one is reminded of dark deeds and sharp stilettos, but the dinner is worth the journey. The chef of this piace is famous for cooking "Italiarini," a paste made by himself and cut in strips, and cooked with a sauce made of tomatoes, spices, and mushrooms. It is extremely rich and very peppery, but all Italian dishes are strongly dashed with

Chili peppers.

The dinner is attended with great ceremony. A bottle of their sour claret is served with each dinner. Every Italian drinks about two quarts of it with his dinner, so the bottle supply sometimes runs short. In this event the waiter goes to the bar, fills an empty bottle from a demijohn, drives in a cork, and then carries the bottle to the table where it is needed, sometimes four feet from the bar, and, impressively producing his corkscrew, draws the cork as carefully as though he were handling the finest Burgundy. His demeanor is so serious throughout the performance that one dars not look amused.

A very popular restaurant is Baszuro's, which is situated near the water front. This is greatly patronized by the Italian fishermen, who file in after their day's work, still wearing their gum boots and smelling strongly of their craft. It